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WOODBRIDGE, MOORE & CO., PROPRIETORS

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**Religious Articles & Selections.**

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are in "We  
cloth of vain bal

**MISSIONARY REMINISCENCES—No. 1**

It is now about fifteen years, since the company of missionaries to which the writer belonged, called from Boston, to join the missions in Turkey and Syria. There have been many changes since that time. The Missionary Board now has but one office in Constantinople. The Secretary had then just taken his seat among the Secretaries of the Board. Of our company, consisting of six persons, no one remains in the missionary field. Some have returned home, and others have passed on to that land from whence there is no return. Of the three stations that then belonged to the Syrian Mission, two have been discontinued. But the mission, after a season of dispersion, has been blessed with

great and sincere help in all its efforts. The fruiting of all, by leading to what a proud and glorious day!—Christ.

We want more souls of men.

It is not sufficient for the benefit of others, which we should

If we want more

alms, and rearing forth its arms to the north and north-east, to shake hands, as it were, with its sister nations in America and Persia. The mission of Turkey, as we have seen, is to labour for the freedom of Greeks and Armenians. But our interests for both nations have nearly ceased. The voice seems to have been uttered respecting them—they are joined to their idols, let them alone." The mission to the Armenians after passing through the first of the mountains and trial, but, for a few years past, met with a degree of success, which few who were then intimately acquainted with it, ever anticipated.

With our voyage across the Atlantic, our talking love of friends, and all the heart beats clear on earth.

God—He will be  
promising  
give the Holy

fiding from our  
 discomforts, and, in my case, the  
 distresses of a sea-voyage—the storms and billows,  
 and then the calms—the novelties and brilliant scenes  
 of old-cave,—with these I will not weary the reader.  
 But we will hasten to the shore of the East, and  
 there, in the sight of the East, which I have so long  
 of the work yet to be done in the cause in which we were  
 enlisted,—the cause of Him who is the Prince of  
 Peace, and the Light of the world. The points on the  
 coast of Europe that first met our eyes—St. Vincent,  
 the Gibraltar of the Atlantic—were indeed famous as  
 the scenes of martial conflict.  
 When we entered the Straits of Gibraltar, it was  
 evening. We were sailing over a smooth sea and be-

lately risen, lie directly over the Straits before us, and a few flying clouds served only as mirrors for the sun and the sea, and seemed to be laughing at us. We were a scene I shall never forget. On our right extended the dark outline of the coast of Africa,—of suffering, bleeding Africa, which Christian nations have so long conspired to make their victim, and for which the Christian religion has so long required that we should discharge our obligations to her are discharged. We now saw her, dressed in the gloom of night, and we thought of the darkness more gloomy than that of night, and had so long hung over her unhappy children.

Soon we saw on our left a point slowly rising out of the sea, it was a hill, and so peculiarly as we drew near, it rose a high peaked mountain. As we

As we afterwards sailed over the waters of the Mediterranean, and at first passed along the coast of Spain, so near as to distinguish its vineyards and farmhouses scattered over its undulating surface, and then approached the African coast, in sight of the top of Mount Atlas, and the region around Algiers. Scarcely

The only smoke we could see arising from its crater was that our imagination had conjured up from out of a passing cloud. Then sailing by Malta, we came to the waters that the Apostle Paul sailed over, and were, like him, "driven up and down in Adria," as we encountered a constant head-wind for several days. Then after sailing past the island of Sicily, Greece, and running the gauntlet through the islands and rocks of the Archipelago, we came to the last act of the drama of our own life, which consisted of the most furious gale we had experienced during the voyage. Though the day we were struggling along under the full moon and together with the moonlight, it was as if rushed through the rigging of our vessel, the billows

other yawned a chasm of equal depth. It was the Sabbath,—but not a day of rest, except as we were enabled calmly to rest our hopes in God to uphold us in all our perils. It was near evening that we passed the straits of Lepros, and entered the Bosporus, the habitable by the Turks, during the war of the Greek revolution. The next morning found us sailing under a clear sky, and with a light breeze, into the beautiful Bay of Smyrna.

As we approached the city, we were met by a boat which bore aboard three Turks,—the first specimens we saw of the followers of Mohammed. As we passed them, they turned their heads towards us, in slow and surly mosek, as if it were too much

honored look. The not was a true expression of the history and the sluggishness that mark their race. On landing, we were cordially received by our missionary friends, and rejoiced to find ourselves safe on terra firma again. We were now on missionary ground, and upon ground, too, of peculiar interest to our sacred associations. Here was one of the seven churches of Asia, and the residence for a time of the Apostle John. But "the church in Smyrna," I regret one of the "seven golden candlesticks." These were "the Jews, and the Greeks, and they who say they are good works, and are not," and the "synagogue of Satan," are all that remain. Superstition and sin have for centuries ruled, and the

man, has done so in mockery, as a ground to rest their hopes of heaven upon, while greedily pursuing their ways of evil.

How different, in almost every thing, is this land from our own America! Here we meet the hungry, unshaven Turk, the bearded Arab, the money-loving Jew, the stately, bell-capped Armenian; every one speaks a different language, but all their languages are to us equally unintelligible: some of them are harsh and hoarse, and some are soft and soothing; but all are so different from the English tongue, that it is like talking to deafness. I have heard the voice of the Arab, the Jew, the Armenian, resembling— I hardly know what, unless it be the rattling of wheels over the pavement,—at least there was some such resemblance, when they

We stopped about twelve days in Smyrna, visiting the houses, the schools, the churches, and the various committees of the town, when our missionary company divided, and we who were English for the Turkish mission, sailed in an English steamer for Constantinople.

**FIRST DECLININGS.**

He that will find his house in good repair, must stop every think as soon as discovered; and he that will not let his heart, must not let his house be troubled; the serpent of heart apostasy is best killed in the egg of a small remission of sins. (Dn.) 5 many have been saved from the serpent of heart apostasy.